Binary Listings by SchneeGheist

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Summary:

Binary Listings are quite the interesting phenomenon.

(Vlad would disagree.)

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Binary Listings

A ghost's obsession is a very peculiar thing.

Sometimes it is broad, thick strokes that cover the canvas of its specter.

Sometimes it is a thin, delicate flower that must be trimmed and cared for constantly. A single misstep or forgetful moment could lead to catastrophic consequences.

In-between the two spectrums, lies a List. A List of names belonging to beings who belong to souls. They are loved and protected by those who own the List, forever indebted to the List and its occupants.

In this way, ghosts are forever unchanged, stagnant. But in another, the List itself can change.

The owner may discredit the List, leave it to rot.

(A wounded man sits in a hospital bed. His skin is marred and bleeding, endless misery oozing outwards.

They're supposed to support him, give him comfort, but he hasn't seen them in so long. He keeps his eyes closed now, refusing to acknowledge the vacant seating near his bedside.

He thought the initial blast was the worst thing he would ever experience, but years and years of disquieted treatment and pressured, tense silence spent in that wretched place was so much worse.)

The owner may, unknowingly, transform the love and care into hatred and resentment towards the listed.

(He can remember every movement and action that was taken before in crystal-clear detail.

And after the eternity of recollection and grief, he realized that it wasn't his fault. It was Jack's fault. He was the one who had made the fatal flaw, the one who had contributed nothing but mistakes to the experiment. He was a monster hiding within the herd of humanity, careless and apathetic to all.

He realized that he was a victim.

And Maddie...)

The owner can organize the List, give priorities to some, less to others.

(When he had first left that ruin of an establishment, he had researched extensively on what had happened to his dear Maddie.

She had... fallen. Fallen into the monster's trap, and gone with him. The pure shock and horror had taken weeks for him to process.

But marriage was temporary. And this was socially speaking. If he could climb up the chain high enough and get enough power and fame, he could sweep Maddie off her feet, and take her away from that abomination of a man.)

They can add or take away people on that list. Consciously or not, however, isn't their decision.

(Okay.

They had kids now.

This was even worse! More people he would have to save from the wretched likes of that oaf, more precious lives at stake.

He tried to confront them then and there, he really did! But the fabrication of his image was still becoming, and he needed more time for operations of this magnitude.

Perhaps, when the children were old enough, he could show them the true nature of their father, and get them to personally renounce him from the bloodline.

Maybe even... Join him. Continue as a happy family, a proper one.

Without the pain and despair that Jack perpetuated wherever he went.

Yes. Perhaps.)

The nuances and loopholes contained within the List can be endless, a phantasmagoria of emotions and drives of passion.

(Jasmine, the oldest of Maddie's children, was quite self-sufficient. From scrapping public records and private recordings of his own, he could easily figure out that she was planning to leave the household as soon as possible.

Her only obstacle? Her younger brother, one Daniel James. (He refused to use that slob's surname when referring to anyone but him.)

Daniel himself was quite interesting. His typically meek and quiet disposition was quite a contrast to the biting remarks and clever insults he'd dish out at the worst of times. Left him in quite the predicament.

But Daniel still adored his father, and that was an issue. He'd have his time to fix that, to wait still, to save them.

The reunion was scheduled in merely a few months.

And he'd already been waiting years for this.)

As a relatively cruel side effect of the List, unprompted events can change it unwillingly, and can damage the mental well-being of its owner.

(Another portal was made.

It was activated. He felt it.

It was so vast, so far away, yet so powerful.

It'd be so much more painful for anyone to be blasted by it, more painful than his own incident.

And he could tell where exactly it occured. Who exactly turned it on.

Another agonizing Halfa ripped and torn and sewn back into itself at the hands of Jack.

He was starting to get impatient.)

Overall, the existence of the List is an extremely common and fantastical example of an obsession.

(This was so much better than he thought it could be. Daniel, powerful and caring, just like him. He didn't even try that hard to convince him of

his fathers deception, he could see the seeds of doubt taking root and blooming right before his eyes.

That didn't mean he didn't care about Daniels well being, no. He does try to help, truly!

But if Daniel chose to stay and be miserable with that trainwreck of a family his father created, he wasn't going to stop him. It won't take long for him to come crawling back to him, pleading for salvation.)

One more thing. About ghosts that have a List.

(Daniel was crawling towards him. Pleading, just like he wanted.

But not like this. Anything but this.

The copper and metallic lemon burned his nostrils as he looked upon the mess Daniel was in.

A clear slice, bisected and acute as it crawled up the boy's chest. It heaved blood and ectoplasm, a vibrant dichotomy that made bile crawl up his throat, pouring out tenfold as haggard breaths moved in time with the flow of liquids.

The cut itself was wonderfully done in the worst way possible. It was extremely clear to him what had happened, and the dull eyes of its victim was quite telling to just exactly who had done it.)

It's a quite particular scenario, really. When two ghosts with Lists meet.

(It had taken so long to convince the monsters to leave. To convince them with saccharine smiles and terrible politeness that the "Meddling Ghost Boy!" was nowhere near his wonderful mansion.

In contrast, the conversation with Daniel had been quite short.

"How did you get caught?"

"I let 'em. Felt bad."

"About?"

“I don't know. They were sad, so I was sad and I just... Turned myself in, I guess."

"Did you..."

"I didn't think they'd take it that far."

"Do you want to go back? To them?"

A whimper and shaking embrace was all he got in return.)

When two or more ghosts with a List are nearby one another, they tend to orbit each other. One cares for the other as the other pays it back. An infinite spring of peace and protection, ensuring that both ghosts are safe and happy. These are called Binary Listings.

(He could feel their names being scorched away from his List, forever replaced with a burning hole of apathy. He was wrong all along, they were both monsters, worse than he'd ever imagined.

Just like he'd planned, it wouldn't take much to keep Daniel here. A few phone calls, some packing and vehicles. Some sledgehammers and ecto-blasts to wipe their lab clean of everything.

An army of lawyers if those worthless maggots ever tried to question where their abuse victims went.

But all of that could be done in a flash. Right now, his top priority was making sure Daniel was asleep, finally recovering.)

...That is all.

(Despite the current destruction of his entire perception of everything, he would still deny that a very familiar name was forever engraved upon the top of his List.)

(Danny would argue the same.)

Fin.